THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room
PACIFIC Theological Seminary

IF WE UNDERSTOOD.

If we knew the cares and trials
  Knew the efforts all in vain
And the bitter disappointment
  Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
  Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where we now hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better,
  If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
  That surround each others' lives
See the naked heart and spirit
  Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better
  Purer than we judge we should,
We should love each other better,
  If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE PACIFIC

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DSTRUST OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

The editor of The Pacific has spent twenty-four years in the newspaper business. Eight of those years were passed as editor of political and secular papers. Journalism was his chosen profession in college days. He has always had considerable pride in it. But has been pained to see its standards often lowered. In what is said elsewhere in The Pacific this week in the article entitled "Some Things Which Show Why the Newspapers Are Losing Influence," there is no intent to attribute ulterior motives to the editors of the papers from which quotation is made. There was a desire to give something concrete, not abstract, so as to show plainly to what journalism is descending; and so, present-day matters had to be used.

It is a lamentable fact that people in increasingly large numbers are coming to distrust the newspapers. Too frequently only one side of a question is presented. Papers represent some interest or party; they adroitly present facts; and if they do not withhold them, they so comment on them as to confuse and mislead the people. Often, of course, the work has to be so hurriedly done that gross perversions occur, on the part of careless or incompetent writers, without wrong intent.

The reason why so many people have during recent years turned to such publications as The Outlook and The Independent is that there has been on their part an effort to give them the facts as to current events and to indulge in no specious reasoning thereon. It is impossible for people to get away from the thought that these and similar publications—for instance the great church papers— are more altruistic than the publications that are run as great business enterprises, having back of them men who have certain ends to attain which may and may not take in the common good.

There are many people who never read a San Francisco paper without keeping in mind the guiding hand back of it his ideals and aim in life. So also others in other parts of the country—and the magazines also—who controls them? How do they look on life?

One hundred and twelve years ago there was founded in New York City a paper which all of the years since then—or for a long time at least—has kept at the head of its editorial page the following from the Prospectus in its first number:

"The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature.

Oh, for the day when that will be the design of every paper! A day when the design will be everywhere the reality! Whether or not the Evening Post has always kept to this design, whether it would have been more of a business success if it had not, need not concern us. It is the only desirable ideal; it is a realizable ideal, and the more our newspapers approximate to it the better will it be for the men who own and edit them, and the better for all the people and our civilization.

BLAZERS OF THE WAY.

The Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown of Canada, who occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland a few Sundays several years ago, paid high compliment recently to Lloyd George, the English statesman. In an address at the Saskatchewan Methodist conference, he remarked: "I look across the ocean and I see what Lloyd George has done in placing on the statute-books of the United Kingdom the most perfect expression of the Sermon on the Mount that ever reached the statute-books of any country." Here he was stopped by a storm of applause, which showed that Lloyd George's work was keenly appreciated by Canadians. When Dr. Chown was able to proceed, he added: "That kind of legislation will have greater permanency than any navy or army bill would have." But the climax came when he continued: "But Lloyd George came to be able to do that sort of thing through the preaching of three ministers—Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Clifford and the Bishop of London." Dr. Chown's application was that it was for the preachers of Canada to create an atmosphere which would render such legislation possible in Canada.

There is no place of greater power and far-reaching influence than the pulpit. Blessed are they who, like these three great English preachers, can inspir others to leadership and pave the way by gospel preaching for the triumph of their ideals! Long ago was it written: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." An indirect or mediate influence is often greater than the direct or immediate.

It would be of interest and value to trace the influence of ministers in the way indicated by this Lloyd George incident. Here is one in our own national history.

It was to Theodore Parker, doubtless, that Abraham Lincoln was indebted for his memorable words at Gettysburg, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"

It will never be known who first uttered or wrote the words which inspired that utterance at Gettysburg. It may have been the Scotchman—James Douglas; it may have been Daniel Webster or the English Reformer, George Thompson. But among old letters and papers of Lincoln's some years ago were found two printed addresses or sermons by Theodore Parker, in one of which were marked these words: "Democracy is direct self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people." In the other, and marked also, were these words: "Democracy —the all-men power: government over all, by all, and for the sake of all." Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, identified them as pamphlets which he had given to Mr. Lincoln in the days of the anti-slavery agitation.

A FELLOW-FEELING.

Thirty-three years ago Governor Adolph Olson Eberhart of Minnesota, when a nine-year-old boy, and known as Adolph Olson, was held up at Ellis Island while immigration officials satisfied themselves that he had friends in Nebraska who would care for him if he were admitted. Last week, while in New York City, he learned that a disheartened German boy who was on his way to the home of his uncle in Minnesota, and without money to pay his way, was about to be sent back to Germany. He interested himself in the little fellow and he is now at the home of his uncle in the Northwest.

Who can say that thirty-three years hence that boy will not be governor? Scandinavians have more friends in Minnesota, to help them to climb to the top, than German's have. But this is a country and an age in which the **man** counts.

Just as the present writer had finished the foregoing his eyes fell on the following by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled, "A Hand on the Shoulder." It must have been intended to go right here:

"When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy,
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my bretheren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

"It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

"Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way."

AN AGE OF SNAP JUDGMENTS.

In The Pacific this week there is an editorial in which are set forth some of the things which show why the daily newspapers are rapidly losing influence, and are less and less shaping the course of public affairs.

We are of the opinion that the flippant manner of the daily papers for some years has had not a little to do with the criticism indulged in by the people in their homes and in their social gatherings.

While the people have been gradually losing confidence in the papers as trustworthy guides, many have unconsciously, in conversation, fallen into that kind of snap-judgment which is undermining so many papers with thoughtful, fair-minded men and women.

"We do not need to judge nearly as much as we think we do. There is entirely too much human judging, too much flippant criticism of the acts of others." This by William George Jordan is as applicable to the newspaper as to the individual.

"There are times in every life when we **must** judge, when we should judge wisely and justly. * * The very attitude of not judging until it becomes necessary gives dignity, calmness, poise, and fineness to these enforced judgments. The judgment that has been dulled by constant misuse, like a razor that has been used to sharpen pencils, is of little value in real need. The wisest judgment means the best head co-operating with the best heart. It is kind, honest, charitable,—seeking truth, not the verifying of a prejudice. It says ever, in prefacing its conclusions on the evidence—'As it seems to me;' 'if I understand it aright;' 'so far as I have been able to reason it;' 'unless I am mistaken;' or similar phrases. These represent the suspended judgment—with no tone of absolute finality. They show a willingness to modify the verdict, to soften the sentence, or to order a new trial if new evidence, new illumination, or new interpretation can be produced."

Twenty-four hours after a great murder there is difficulty in getting enough men who have not already formulated a judgment to try a case. These men in most instances have read and accepted the garbled, highly-colored newspaper account; they have to their own satisfaction discovered the murderer, practically tried him and sentenced him.

We hear people state their decisions with all the force and absoluteness of one who had the whole book of life made luminant and spread out before him. Suspicion is permitted to displace evidence, cheap shrewdness to banish charity, prejudice to masquerade as judgment. We have no right, says Jordan, to let prejudice tyrranize over judgment and kill the justice of the soul.

"Perhaps 90 per cent of the adverse criticism, comment, and judging of humanity is unnecessary and serves no useful purpose. It is not our business. It is simply our mere impertinent meddling in affairs of others, without even **hope of being useful.** It is often what we would most quickly resent were the situations reversed."

According to an oriental legend Christ walking one day through the streets of Jerusalem came on an idle crowd of jeerers over the dead body of a dog. Each was speaking contemptuously, each was condemning some phase, each trying to indicate some defect and meanness in the animal's body. Standing silently for a moment Christ then pointed to the dog's mouth and remarked, "Ah, but no pearls are whiter than his teeth."

WOMEN OF CEDAR RAPIDS RECEIVE THE IOWA LIQUOR DEALERS' ASSOCIATION IN A STRIKING AND COMMENDABLE WAY.

Th Iowa Liquor Dealers' Association held its annual meeting recently in Cedar Rapids. The mayor gave them a welcoming address of such cordiality as to lead to the thought that he was one of their feather. A little later a missive from the women of the local Christian Temperance Union was received, which read in part as follows:

"Gentlemen: A welcome to a city should be representative, and since the welcome accorded your association by th mayor of Cedar Rapids represents the thought of but a portion of its citizenship, it seems fitting that the entire community should communicate to you its sentiment, hence, in behalf of those not represented by the mayor, the Women's Christian Temperance Union extends this greet-

ing. The words of welcome of Mayor Roth do not represent the thought of the fatherhood and the motherhood of Cedar Rapids. It is said by some that you help a town. Do you make better fathers, husbands, sons, and so raise the standard of citizenship? Do you bring comfort and happiness to mothers, wives and children? Do you add to the efficacy of the laborer or business man and so add to the material prosperity of the place?

"Any business is judged by its results. Some time since Cedar Rapids had a manufacturers' week. Every business in the city save yours exhibited its wares.

"It is passing strange that the political power you wield can stultify the officials of nation, state and city. But it is not long to be so. Not many more times will you be accorded a welcome to any city. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, with men and women of sober, earnest purpose, is steadily working for that day when the God of heaven shall say to you, 'It is enough.' You know, with us, that the time is near.

In the name of humanity, in the name of our God, the seven thousand members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Iowa lead in this protest against your welcome to any city in the state."

All honor to the Christian Temperance women of Cedar Rapids! We gain here some encouragement for the hope that women, when they have all over this land, the elective franchise, will arise and throttle the liquor traffic. Jack London expresses the belief that they will do this, and he says that for this reason he voted for woman suffrage in California.

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH SHOW WHY THE NEWS PAPERS ARE LOSING INFLUENCE.

It is evident that there has been of late a rapidly increasing lack of confidence in the public press. This applies not only to the daily newspapers, but to some of the weekly and monthly publications as well. Among the more recent instances of this is the remarkable influence—or perhaps we should say lack of influence—which the newspapers had in the election for mayor a few weeks ago in Los Angeles. The man who was elected mayor had the violent and somewhat virulent opposition of four of the six daily papers of that city, and was without the support of the other two—if reports therefrom are to be credited. It has come to be quite a general remark in Los Angeles that if one wishes to kill any proposed measure or defeat any man for office it is necessary only to get one or another or several of the daily papers to support the measure or the man. There is hyperbole, extravagance, in this remark. But there is, nevertheelss, considerable justification for it. To an alarming extent during recent years has it been found that the newspapers of our country have been actuated by ulterior motives. Many have not had the general good and welfare in view in their presentation of news and in their comments thereon and deductions therefrom. In many instances of course only the judgment has been faulty, and there has been no intent to mislead. But even in such cases great harm often ensues.

We are led to write thus at this time because of certain harmful statements and deductions recently in newspapers hereabouts.

A few weeks ago the Oakland Enquirer, with reference to an article by Professor H. A. Millis of Kansas University, on the anti-alien land bill, said: "He maintains that California's recently enacted law is unjust, unpolitic and unecessary,—and this **because** the Japs occupy only 150,000 acres and actually own only 16,000 acres out of 11,000,000 arces of arable land in the state."

So gross a perversion of an able article, whether made with intent or by mistake or through inability to grasp a man's argument, is inexcusable.

Professor Millis, was formerly connected with Stanford University. Some time ago he was appointed by the United States Bureau of Immigration to make a study of Asiatic Immigration. He was therefore exceptionally qualified to comment on our anti-alien land bill. In an article in The Survey he said:

"It will be challenged as unjust because it takes advantage of discrimination under the federal law to further discriminate between aliens of different races lawfully in this country. It limits the property right of those who must remain aliens and safeguards those of others who might but do not become citizens.

"It will be challenged as unnecesary because there is no menace calling for drastic legislation. For six years we have had an agreement with Japan denying passports to intending immigrants of the laboring class except such as (1) have been residents of the United States and are returning here; (2) such as are parents, wives or children or residents of this country; or (3) have and already possessed rights to agricultural land. Under this agreement the number of Japanese in continental U. S. and in Hawaii has been slowly decreasing."

It was in this connection that Professor Millis stated:

The Japanese have made considerable headway as farmers in California and elsewhere, and were there no restrictions on further immigration, their competition in the role, as well as in the labor market, and in certain trades, would be keenly felt. Yet at the close of 1909 a careful estimate showed that the farmers of this race in California numbered only 4,500. Their 3000 to 3200 holdings embraced a little more than 150,000 acres, only some 16,000 of which were owned by them. More recently the number of such farmers has increased somewhat, but at present the Japanese farm on their own account an almost negligible part of the 11,000,000 acres of improved land in the State."

Prof. Millis then proceeded to show why he regarded the bill as impolitic. This was because it was likely to open up again the question of immigration; and in the end lead to such congressional discussion and action as would do great damage commercially.

But The Enquirer stated that he held the bill to be unjust, impolitic and unnecessary for **the one small reason** given heretofore in our quotation from that paper. Such a perversion of his argument holds Professor Millis up to contempt and ridicule among thoughtful people who may not know just what he wrote. It borders on libel.

We take another instance. A few days after President Wilson spoke at Gettysburg, the Oakland Enquirer had this editorial comment:

"The vapid speech of President Wilson at Gettysburg was a sore disappointment to everyone. It was expected from his store of historic information, from the readiness of his tongue and the inspiration of the occasion, something above a grammar school oration would be forthcoming."

The California Outlook of July 12th, contained an editorial by Chester H. Rowell, also editor of the Fresno Republican, in which it was said that it was a pity that "President Wilson had "let so great an opportunity go by without leaving behind it a single memorable phrase or one concrete intelligible thought."

That address in its main features is printed in The Pacific this week. Our readers will of course judge for themselves whether the Enquirer and The California Outlook are to be justified in their criticisms. But it may be of interest to know what has been said of the address elsewhere.

On the 5th of July the New York Post said:

"President Wilson's address at Gettysburg yesterday sustains the reputation which he has now securely won for being a master of phrase and of apt eloquence. But the finished and appealing form of his speech should not make its readers forget the felicity and moving quality of its substance. With perfect tact and ease he avoided any comparison with Lincoln's winged words; and he also kept clear of labored discourse upon the specific issues of present-day politics. He sought, rather, with sound judgment and deep feeling, to bring out the high summons to patriotic endeavor which the thronging memories of the occasion are so fitted to inspire. And he left it beyond all question that it was not the devices and resources of the skilled orator, but the sincere purpose and hopeful determination of the chief of state, that were finding utterance. This is the true reason for the praise which his address is receiving from all sides. He had to face an ordeal from which any President and any speaker might well shrink, but he met it with a success that must make the country proud."

The New York Sun remarked: "Mr. Wilson's speech at Gettysburg is instinct with the literary charm, the grace of style, the fancy, imagination and graceful rhetoric, the good taste and didactic zeal habitual with him."

The Sun went on then to remark that there was in it a height of idealism, "a little bleak for mortal men;" that "when their lives are adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity it will be time to order ascension robes." However the Sun added: "We have no wish to find flaws in a brilliant composition. Rather, forgetting for a moment what reservations must be made for men and politics, as they are, should we praise Mr. Wilson's ardor for righteousness and devotion to the liftiest standards."

The Springfield Republican said in part:

Always a difficult, even a cruel position for a President to be in, because there can be but one Gettysburg address of immortal glory; still our presenet chief magistrate, southern born and bred, has distinguished himself on the battlefield by a noble utterance of unmistakable power and imaginative beauty."

Harpers' Weekly remarked: "His speech is full of distinction: a beautiful address which no speaker, we think, could have bettered."

Of course these California papers from which we have quoted are entitled to form their own judgments just as other papers are entitled. Nevertheless, if it is poor judgment it weakens their influence with thoughtful people. And if as to newspaper comments at any time there is reason for attributing ulterior motives, the effects are much more damaging.

The present writer is wondering whether his own judgment and the judgment of these other papers as to the Gettysburg speech are at fault or whether the two California papers have not in their zeal to knock the administration allowed their judgment and inclinations for a square deal to go astray.

There was no urgent call for any comment on their part at all. Why didn't they keep as quiet as possible about what must have been to them a humiliating fact,—if fact it actually were—that we had a President so vapid and so worthless intellectually?

Why criticize the President's speech in the way it was criticized, people will ask, if not with the hope to give an additional knock to an administration which some who do not approve of its measures desire to knock day in and day out? That is what many democratic papers did some years ago when for more than two decades their party was out of power. People all over the country have been hoping that Republican papers, now that their party is out of power, would not imitate them.

Take, now, another example. We had also that which is reprehensible in the course of the San Francisco Chronicle, the Los Angeles Times and a few other papers declaring with the most tiresome reiteration that there was nothing but freak legislation at Sacramento this year: Such declarations do impress some minds. But the papers damage themselves more than anything else or any one else. The boy who cried, "Wolf, wolf!" so often when there was no reason for it, was eaten by the wolf when finally it did come and the people could no longer believe in his cries.

We do not know how extreme the Los Angeles Times was in its characterization of the measures before the legislature, but The Chronicle went to such lengths as to lead some of its best friends to think of the old saying, "He whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

It is the judgment of some persons that the Chronicle in raising as it did the cry of freak legislation so worked on the fears of some of the members of the legislature as to defeat some of the moral measures. Perhaps also some really freak legislation was thus prevented. But why a paper conducted by sensible men would risk its reputation, and damage its future influence among thoughtful people by so indiscriminate a classification is mysterious.

The newspapers of the land had good reason for commenting as many have on Secretary Bryan's side-line as a lecturer, but the San Francisco Examiner, manifested, apparently, a mean spirit when it said: "Mr. Bryan's contempt for filthy lucre has already attained in public life to the same proportions as when, in private life, he tried to deprive the widow of his dead friend, Bennett, of her rightful inheritance!"

This will poison the minds of persons who do not know the facts in the Bennett case.

Every fair-minded, well-informed man, it seems to the present writer, must admit that there was nothing objectionable in Mr. Bryan's claim. Mr. Bennett believed in his ideas and his propaganda. To aid therein he bequeathed him fifty thousand dollars. The widow had an inheritance of something like $125,000 without that. Only because of a technical flaw in the will Mr. Bryan failed to get the legacy, to have gotten which would not have been dishonorable.

In the name of decency and manhood and womanhood, The Pacific would protest against that kind of journalism of which the foregoing furnishes a sample.

Two years ago in the Greek Theater in Berkeley ex-President Roosevelt appealed to the ten thousand people who listened to him: "To you here, to all good citizens, I make the appeal to stand for honesty in public life, and to stand for the creation of an opinion which shall demand truth and decency in the newspapers and the magazines. Do what you can by private effort and by pressure upon those

who are your representatives, to bring about the day when the man who wilfully misleads the public and wilfully lies to the public on any question of interest to the public, shall be amenable if possible to the law—if not at least to the force of public opinion—exactly as if he were a malefactor of any other kind."

"The cardinal sin of the public writer," said Roosevelt at that time, "is mendacity." Above Roosevelt's head, on the concrete wall back of him in that great open air auditorium, was the inscription: "The gift of William Randolph Hearst."

In a discussion of cosmic forces a modern thinker writes of what he calls "the supermovement." He says: "The supermovement does not mean a smooth sea always. It does not mean that the human capacity and will, personally acting, or collectively, are both keyed to a supremacy of control in such a way that nothing which the race is or is to become finally, can be invalidated by any untoward event in history or by the resistant spirit of individuals."

The way of life is an ascent, not a descent; it is toward the truth as it was lived and taught by the Man of Nazareth. So, William Randolph Hearst may go on publishing his papers on a low plane for a time if he will, but that which is gaining strength and will yet triumph is the ideal for which Roosevelt appealed and which Hearst will help along in the Greek Theater if not in his newspapers and magazines.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Silvester Horne, one of England's foremost Congregational preachers and a member of Parliament, is threatened with a breakdown and physicians advise a year's rest. An English journal says that Mr. Horne is the greatest asset the Congregational churches of that country have, and one of the greatest forces in the empire, making for righteousness.

A bill has been introduced into Congress which provides pensions for persons over 65 years of age whose income is less than ten dollars a week. The provision is to pension those with incomes of less than $6 a week at $4 a week, incomes of from $6 to $7 at $3, between $7 and $8, $2 a week, and from $8 to $9, $1 a week. The bill disqualifies all who have failed for any extended period to earn according to their ability.

One of the most distressing and complicated problems of the labor market in England, says the British Congregationalist, is that affecting the dock laborer. "It is safe to say that never before in the history of this kind of casual labor has the situation been more distressing and more acute. Can our readers imagine what it means to a man to be out of work for weeks and even months at a time, and when in work obtaining but a day or two a week? When there is a wife and small family dependent in a measure upon the docker's work, what then? Only those in dockland, that vast network of narrow streets, alleys, and waterways, are fully able to appreciate the situation. The men themselves are now in a worse position than for many years by reason of the fact that during the great strike their unions were crushed almost out of existence, and because as a direct consequence they themselves are now without heart and organization."

MY FRIEND NETHERSOLE.

W. N. Burr.

My friend Nethersole is not a very happy man. He is so occupied with the faults and failings of society in general and church people in particular that he has no time to be happy. And yet I often find my life enriched after a talk with him. He helps me to see some things that need consideration that I might overlook were not my attention drawn to them by some such investigator as Nethersole.

His pet grouch just now is born of the fact that we have a number of very fine, well-equipped church buildings in our town. Those church buildings seem to trouble Nethersole as if they were miasmatic swamps, or something else that is a menace to human life. He is fond of quoting Lowell's "Parable." He flung a part of it at me with some considerable warmth the other day:

"Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He saw his own image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

'Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

'With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years.' "

It occurred to me while he was reciting these hot lines that I had something, also from Lowell, that might possibly help to cool his fevered brain; so as he stopped at the end of the eighteen-hundred-years line, I began:

"See here, Nethersole, I've been reading Lowell lately myself. Let me give you a sentence or two from one of his letters to Sydney Gay: 'The longer I live,' he writes, 'the more am I convinced that the world must be healed by degrees. Let us sow the best seed we have, my dear Sydney, and convert other men by our crops, not by drubbing them with our hoes or putting them under our harrows. Above all, let us not **preach** about the bright side of human nature and **look** always at the dark.'

'Now, Nethersole," said I, as I folded the slip of paper on which I had copied these sentences from Lowell's letter, "is it not just possible that you are inclined to demand of the church more than is reasonable to expect of it? The church is made up of men and women who have not yet attained unto perfection, we have to be 'healed by degrees' along with the rest of the world; and probably our works

do not all come from our hands without blemish. The church people of this town have built several magnificent church edifices. To you, those artistic church buildings seem to be a source of great annoyance, because so much money has been put into them. Sometime when you are thinking it over just take time to ponder the scene at Bethany when Mary anointed the feet of Jesus with a very costly ointment. Some criticism floated out into the air that day concerning a waste of money that might better have been given to the poor, but somehow the Master did not seem to accept it as reasonable criticism. And at the same time he had a bigger heart for the poor than anybody, and was doing more all the time to banish poverty from the face of the earth and give a good time to everybody, than all his critics.

"The church buildings that so annoy you are a source of great uplift to me. They make me think of the higher levels of life every time I pass one of them, and I cannot help feeling that many a stranger passing through our town will be given an impulse toward the most worthy things of life at sight of those buildings dedicated to the worship of God and the service of humanity. And I never go inside our church without a sense of reverence and uplift that reaches me through the artistic appointments of that beautiful building."

"Is that all a church is for—just to tickle the aestheticism of poetic natures like yours?" interrupted Nethersole. "Let me read you something that I clipped from one of your own church papers the other day. It was a little space-filler at the bottom of a column, but the Rev. J. Wesbury Jones, whoever he is, to whom the paragraph is credited, hit your artistic religion a blow, I think. Listen:

" 'No doubt the church must return, and that speedily, to the Pauline doctrine of conversion. One is reminded of the old saint who one day went to see a great cathedral; the beadle took much care to point out to him the altar, the windows, carved wood and other works of art; thereupon the old saint turned round to the beadle and asked, "Do you get any conversions here?" The beadle, with a look of astonishment and disgust, said: "Do you think that this is a Methodist chapel?" That was a great insult to the cathedral, but a great compliment to the Methodist chapel, for surely one converted soul is more precious in the sight of God than all the costly carvings of a cathedral.' "

"I can stand such blows as that all day," said I, as he looked up from his clipping. "Artistic religion ,as you call it, and conversions can, and often do, nest under the same roof; and if they don't there is something wrong. I regard these fine churches of ours as a means to an end, and not the end, by any means; the end is conversions and a constantly developing life of godliness. If these churches were built only under the impulse of a spirit of rivalry; if they stand as monuments to a heavy burden of debt incurred under the lash of keeping up with the other church around the corner; or if they are simply walls built up to shelter a selfish aestheticism or sectarianism, then I agree with you that they ought never to have been built. And there may have been something of all that in the planning and erection of those buildings. But I am in close enough touch with the work that is going on in those churches to testify that it is largely the eager service of love-impelled men and women who want to catch the spirit of the Master and pour it out upon the world, as they may be able. But to do their work they must be permitted to use their own tools and to work each in his own harness. The man who is sure to be making a goose of himself is the man who tries to lay aside the natural equipment God gave to him and be somebody else. There is plenty of room in the field of kingdom service for both the Billy Sunday stamp of workers and the Dr. Gladden stamp. And each of these is likely to be accomplishing more for the kingdom than the other dreams of."

"Do you think Jesus would have favored putting so much money into fine church buildings if he had been here when they were built?" asked Nethersole.

"I am not so sure that he was not here when they were built," I replied. "Indeed, I feel quite sure that if he had not been in the hearts of good men and women they would not have been so willing to honor the Lord with their substance as they have been—they would have honored themselves instead, by building finer houses for themsevles and filling them with all sorts of things for their own gratification alone. To my mind it is more creditable to a town to have in it beautiful houses of worship with open doors for everybody, and simpler but comfortable homes, than to have a lot of people living in palaces and the houses of the Lord looking as lean as Pharaoh's lean kine. I can stand it to live in a plain little bird's nest of a house, but when I go to the house specially consecrated to the service of the soul-life I want the best there is in appointments and in equipment for work."

"But how do you suppose your missionaries feel about it, home and foreign, when their work is crippled, as I understand it is, for lack of funds to give them even a semblance of decent equipment?"

That is the severest blow that Nethersole has ever given me. How he ever happened to say it I am sure I cannot imagine, for such people are not likely to be standing out as the champions of the missionary work of the church, especially the foreign work. I confess I winced a little under that. Then I said:

"Any church that can build for itself a fine church building, such as these that we have here in our town, is as lame as Mephibosheth if it is not exerting itself tremendously along missionary lines, both in the way of acquiring and scattering missionary intelligence, and in contributions of money. We've got our fine church, now we must make it a missionary beehive—a blessing to the poor and the sick and all the unfortunate in our own community, a blessing to the kingdom work of the homeland field outside our own community, and a blessing to the work on foreign ground. Come into some one of our churches here, won't you, Nethersole, and help to infect the whole church with zeal for its part of the work of Christian missions."

Pomona, California.

WHEN IT'S THE OTHER FELLOW.

Have you ever noticed? When the Other Fellow acts that way he is "ugly"; when you do it's "nerves." When the Other Fellow is set in his ways he's "obstinate"; when you are, it is just "firmness," remarks Life.

When the Other Fellow doesn't like your friend he's "prejudiced"; when you don't like his you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the Other Fellow tries to treat someone especially

well he is "toadying"; when you try the same game you are using "tact."

When the Other Fellow takes time to do things he is "dead slow"; when you do it you are "deliberate."

When the Other Fellow spends a lot he is a "spendrift"; when you do you are "discriminating."

When the Other Fellow holds too tight to his money he is "close"; when you do you are "prudent."

When the Other Fellow dresses extra well he's a "dude"; when you do it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the Other Fellow runs great risks in business he's "foolhardy"; when you do you are a "great financier."

When the Other Fellow says what he thinks he's "spiteful"; when you do you are "frank."

When the Other Fellow won't get caught in a new scheme he's "backwoodsy"; when you won't you are "conservatixe."

When the Other Fellow goes in for music and pictures and literature he's "effeminate"; when you do you are "artistic."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

"Friends and fellow-citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.

"What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation! How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as State after State has been added to this our great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

"But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way, but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

"Have affairs paused? Does the nation stand still? Is what the fifty years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the life-blood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness, and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

"Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; and self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

"May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united, because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places? Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

"I have been chosen the leader of the nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battlefields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin; and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day, and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward; and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

"How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even to-day wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love."

A JAPANESE VISION OF BOSTON.

Rev. M. Furuya, pastor of the Japanese Branch of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, is on his way to his homeland via Europe and the Suez Canal and India. He is the sort of man to get a liberal education out of such a journey. He is, furthermore, the sort of Christian that will carry his faith in Christ and devotion to Christ all along the way. I rejoice to believe that he will return to his work in Los Angeles, but if he should remain in his native land, it will prove to be a contribution from our work for Japanese in California to that in the Island Empire, richer than gold. He was the first one converted in the Mission in which, after three years at Chicago Theological Seminary, he has been for several years the pastor. In a personal letter he has given me, off hand, a vision of Boston, which I thought too fine for me to keep for my own eyes alone. He says:

"I am now in Boston, which I dreamed of many a time. It is a wonderful place. It is a business city, a manufacturing town, a most up-to-date, civilized commonwealth; yet it is predominately a city of culture,—music halls, art buildings, libraries, colleges, universities, churches,— ornamented with inspiring statues of poets, authors, philosophers, reformers, educators, statesmen, heroes of historic wars, and preachers. This is a temple where puritan spirits live; this is the home of America; this is the source of power and inspiration. The Pacific Coast must learn from, and become like, New England. God help the Pacific and both peoples on either side, the East and the West!"

W. C. P.

NOT PARTISAN CRITICISM.

This week and several times of late The Pacific has had some words in defense of persons prominent in the Democratic party whom it has thought unnecessarily criticised. We wish it to be understood that this is not with any partisan motive. The editor of The Pacific has been a lifelong Republican. When editor of a Republican paper in Indiana he condemned the action of some of the Democratic papers toward Republican officials, state and national, in that they magnified little things and misconstrued or misquoted their declaration. Now, he finds Republican papers doing what he condemned the Democratic papers for doing. And some Democratic papers, for instance The San Francisco Examiner in the Bennet-Bryan matter, pouring poison into the minds of the people. The Examiner (though Democratic) readers should remember, has been against Wilson from the start.

TH DAWN OF A BETTER DAY.

Dudley D. Sicher.

(The following poem by a representative manufacturer was read at a recent banquet of the cotton manufacturers of New York. Coming from such a source it is a harbinger of a new era.—Editor).

Do we purchase Toil at the lowest rate
As we buy our cloth and thread?
Do our workers labor long and late
For the price of their daily bread
In gloomy lofts where shadows frown,
In foul, unwholesome air,
Till Want and Weariness drag them down
Where—we neither know nor care?
If such things be, they must pass away
Ere we hail the Dawn of a Better Day.

Have they wrought us harm in the darker days,
Have they kept the whole truth hid?
Have they told false tales of our works and ways
And of wrongs that we never did?
Be not too wroth at the hiss of shame,
But pass old slanders by.
And cleanse your skirts of the taint of blame
Where e'er the blame may lie.
Old feuds, old sores be forgot for aye
In the hopeful Dawn of a Better Day.

Let us wipe the slate of the bitter score,
Let us turn the blotted page,
And grant that we owe our workers more
Than the dole of a "living wage."
They give us more than their time and skill
In the health and strength they spend;
And earn the right to the kindly will
And helpful hand of a friend.
We must give them more than the coin we pay
Ere we hail the Dawn of a Better Day.

So, here's a task that we may not shirk,
For the toiling thousands plead;
We must give them comfort while they work
And help in every need;
We must lend them strength if their souls are weak
And teach them how to live;
Nor let us, all too meanly seek
Return for all we give,
As we lift our eyes for the gladdening ray
Of the golden Dawn of a Better Day.

If this light that leads us shall not dim
They will see, ere the course is run,
That the worker's weal and the weal of him
Who owns the shops are one.
Then each shall have his rightful gain
Ungrudged—and great and small
Shall give their best of hand and brain
For the good of each and all,—
And we'll stand together, come what may,
In the brighter Dawn of a Better Day!

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

More About Kanui.

After a strangely checkered career, as briefly told in my last article, he was a stranded vagrant in San Francisco, earning a scanty living by shining boots on Commercial street, where I found him, and spending the larger part of his earnings in strong drink.

Some of my young men persuaded him to come to the Mariners' Church. After a few Sabbaths he came again, of his own accord, and was convinced of sin and his need to return to God. It was a hard struggle. To come back to Christ was to give up his Sunday work and starve. But the Spirit conquered and he found peace and pardon in Christ. He told his customers that he could no longer do their work on the Sabbath, and, just as he expected, they all left him. I had advised him to do right and trust God for the consequences and he had done so, and must he starve? He was an old man and could not do hard work. His weekly rent must be paid or he would be turned into the street. Day after day he sought work in vain. Saturday, his last day came, and he had no money. Noon came, but no money. Three o'clock came and no money. But just then a cartload of offal passed his door and was dumped in a vacant lot near by (the very lot on which the Mariners' Church was afterwards built). The Spirit said, "Go down there and see if you can find something to sell." He did so, pulled the stuff about and found old iron and rags, for which a junk man gave him one dollar and a half, enough to pay his rent. He still had a place to sleep, and had found a new way of livelihood. He followed this business and earned much more than he earned before by blacking boots, and as he spent nothing now for liquor, he had a very comfortable living. He found true the promise, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

He joined the Mariners' Church by profession, having no letter, and proved a most worthy member. He was old and gray, but stood erect, and his testimony was always simple, but hearty and inspiring. He was very happy and a blessing to us all. Near the end of a long, wandering, checkered life, he was at last at rest with God's people, and contented.

At one time he was seriously ill, but was very happy in prospect of death. He knew that Christ was his Savior, and was exultant in assurance of a home in Heaven. He did not die, then, as he expected, but was really in a dying state by reason of old age.

He became very feeble, got quite blind, and became a great burden to us in our poverty, so that we were forced to send him to the City and County Hospital. This was a great trial to him, especially because he was thus cut off from public worship, but he bore the trial with true Christian fortitude, and was a faithful witness for Christ among the patients there.

After a while a great desire possessed his mind to end his days in his native land. A cabin passenger on a steamer bound tto Honolulu offered to care for him on the passage and the Hawaiian Consul here promised the aid of his government in paying for his passage, so that the agent of the steamer consented to take him, and we sent him away consigned to the care of the Rev. S. C. Damon, then Seamen's Chaplain at Honolulu.

He arrived in safety and was kindly cared for by Mr. Damon. He did not live very long. Of course he could not recognize the old scenes, being blind, but the climate of his native land was there, and the grandchildren of those he had known in his childhood were Christians now, and visited him. So he was more at home there than anywhere else. He was sent to the hospital, where he died of tuberculosis of the lungs, and Mr. Damon and one of the missionaries erected a monument over his grave in a native burying ground, which is there, I suppose, at this day.

Few lives of men have had crowded into them more facts of interest than that of the Hawaiian heathen boy, Kanui. Even that of Henry Obookiah, his shipmate on that first long voyage, whose printed biography stirred up great interest for foreign missions, was less eventful and perhaps not more useful.

Among the Churches.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Dean Norton of Pomona College is spending his vacation in Berkeley.

Sunset Congregational Church, San Francisco, has extended a call to the Rev. B. F. Sargent of Grass Valley.

The Rev. A. E. Bradstreet of Ceres is spending his vacation in the bay region and is supplying some of the churches. Last Sunday he was at North Berkeley.

Secretary Atkinson of the Congregational Brotherhood occupied the pulpit of First Church, Oakland, last Sunday morning. He has both services next Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. C. R. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks arrived in Oakland last Monday. They will be there with relatives a few days until a place for a home has been selected in Berkeley.

The Rev. George L. Marsh of Bloomington is for his vacation enjoying Berkeley's summer climate and attending some of the lectures in the summer school of the University of California.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will meet with the Methodist ministers at the Book Concern Building, 5 City Hall avenue. The address will be by Prof. Fulton of Ohio Wesleyan University on "Pulpit Oratory."

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Mrs. Gulick and two children, arrived from Japan last week and are with relatives in Oakland. Dr. Gulick will take a year's rest. It is a great work which he is doing educationally in Japan, and it is to be hoped that he will return to it strengthened for many years more of such service as he is rendering there as a Christian educator.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland has cabled a call to the Rev. A. W. Palmer who is at Venice, Italy, this week. There were 758 responses to the letters sent out. Twenty-three were set aside as indeterminate; of the 735 that were counted 624 favored the call; 99 advised against it, and 12 suggested postponement of action. At a

business meeting last Sunday 203 voting members were present; 175 voted to extend a call, 28 voted against.

The church at Tulare, where the Rev. E. D. Weage was pastor twelve years or more ago, has called him to the pastorate again. One of the Tulare papers says: "It is certain that he will accept the call given by the local church, and his arrival is expected in Tulare in about two weeks. Mr. Weage was a popular pastor, and the congregation is delighted at being able once more to secure his services." California will gladly welcome Mr. Weage back. For the last eleven years he has been doing fine service in Seattle. Washington regrets his departure.

The Rev. George B. Hatch has one more Sunday as supply in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. It has been a great pleasure to Mr. Hatch's many friends in Berkeley to have him as vacation supply. Last Sunday the calendar contained mention of the coming soon of the Rev. Dr. Brooks and copies of The Pacific with articles therein concerning him were distributed. Mr. Hatch, in a brief reference, said that he was deeply pleased to think of Mr. Brooks as coming to Berkeley as University student pastor, and added: "Take him into your confidence and affection. Such men are much worth while."

THE WORK IN OLIVET CHURCH, OAKLAND.

On Sunday, July 6th, Olivet Congregational Church of Oakland received four new members, two on confession of faith. This makes a total of twenty-one received during the year, which has been the first year of the pastorate of Rev. Benjamin Gould, who came to Olivet from Fresno.

Much has been undertaken by this promising young church, under the able leadership of its energetic pastor and both Olivet and Mr. Gould are to be congratulated on the encouraging results.

The Sunday-school has really outgrown its present quarters, having an enrollment of one hundred and seventy, which is double that of a year ago. It will be able to continue its rapid growth and do far better work when the new parish house is built.

Olivet Church is blessed with as fine a group of young men and young women workers as can be found anywhere. They have organized a Young People's Society for educational and social development, holding their meetings every Sunday evening for the discussion of practical topics. Beside this, they give valuable help in the regular services by choir-work, ushering, etc.

This church has adopted the proportionate scheme of benevolence and will raise even more than its apportionment this year. And this is aside from planning and working enthusiastically for the new parish house—the beginning of the future church edifice to be built on the recently purchased lot on Shafter avenue off College. Active work on this house will, it is hoped, be started in the fall. It is much needed.

Attendance at both morning and evening services is increasing most satisfactorily. Mr. Gould's Sunday evening talks on the best books, paintings and dramas of the day with the great life lessons to be drawn from these have attracted large congregations. And the monthly musicals have been remarkably successful.

Olivet Church is in the center of a new, large residence district, which is still growing rapidly. Surely it has a great opportunity and a promising future.

Mr. Gould leaves soon for a month's vacation in the East and the Rev. Thomas Watt will act as supply during his absence. M. H. C.

A WASHINGTON FOUNDATION BUILDER PASSES AWAY.

The death of Rev. George Baker, for many years minister and missionary pastor on the Pacific Coast, occurred in Seattle Saturday, July the 12th. Funeral services were held in Plymouth Church Monday at two o'clock, and were conducted by Dr. F. J. Van Horn. Supt. W. W. Scudder, Rev. Samuel Greene and Rev. L. E. Scholl also took part in the services. The Congregational ministers of the city attended in a body and acted as pall bearers. Mr. Baker was active as a minister and pastor until nearly two years ago when he was taken with a stroke of paralysis and since has been a semi-invalid. Almost every Sunday morning, however, he and his devoted wife have been in attendance at the service of Plymouth Church and he was present at the morning service the Sunday of the week in which his death occurred. Rev. Samuel Greene and Rev. C. E. Newberry are the only ministers left in this part of the country that were here at the time Mr. Baker first came to the coast. Dr. Greene in his remarks spoke of his long acquaintance with Mr. Baker and his great consecration to his work. He was one of the foundation builders of our Congregational work, organizing many Sunday schools and churches that have since grown into strong organizations.

Mr. Baker was born at Pensneth, England, in 1840. He commenced preaching when he was sixteen years of age, working as a city missionary in Manchester for five years, then was assistant pastor to Rev. Henry Stint of Dewsbury for four years. He was ordained at Rillington in 1879 and came to the United States at the invitation of the Home Missionary Society in 1883. His first work in this country was atCheasnig, Michigan. In 1884 he came to Washingterritory. He has preached in nearly all of the towns and villages in the northwestern part of the state and has had fields in Skagit, Snohomish, King, Cowlitz and Clarke counties. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn his loss.

REV. OLIVER J. VAN WAGNEN.

Oliver J. Van Wagnen was born in Oswego, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1884. In childhood he came to Syracuse, N. Y., with his parents, attending the public schools and completing the classical and English courses in 1901.

Later he entered the University of New Mexico and here completed the Normal course, going then to Berkeley, Cal., and entering the Pacific Theological Seminary, being graduated in March, 1907. He was ordained in the same month and went to the Congregational church at Sunol Glen, Cal., as pastor, and served there two years. While there he built a parsonage. A call was extended him from the First Congregational Church of Auburn, Cal., which he accepted and was there two years.

In the fall of 1909 he returned to Syracuse, N. Y., where he served the Danforth and Goodwill Congregational churches for some time as supply, going then as pastor to the church at Wanakena, N. Y.; served there two years, resigning last September to enter Hartford Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., to take up special work.

In Jaunary failing health compelled him to return to his home in Syracuse, N. Y., where he has been ill since, waiting with a beautiful patience and fortitude for the call which should release the spirit and make him free to enter upon the life he longed for. He entered into Life July 5, 1913. Services were held at the home July 7 and burial was at McLean, N. Y.

The Home.

SMILE.

Take the old world with a grin
If you lose or if you win.
If you're up, smile as you go,
Cheer the fellow down below;
If you're down, then keep on grinning,
Folks will think you're really winning.

Take the old world with a smile,
Figure everything worth while.
If you're up, let people know it,
And a smile's the way to show it;
If you're down, smile just the same—
That's the way to play the game.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Orison Swett Marden.

Recently a lady wrote for advice to a physician who advertises to treat patients by mail. The physician diagnosed the case as cancerous blood and wrote the woman that she was likely at any time to develop a real cancer. The effect of the shock upon her was almost like receiving her death warrant.

Think of a man pretending to be a physician, injecting such a horrible picture into the mind of a patient he never saw! Think of its influence upon the mind and physical functions of the patient! The constant terror of a horrible disease, the watching for and anticipating the terrifying symptoms, is nothing less than perpetual torture.

There have been many serious results following an unfavorable diagnosis of diseases like cancer and tuberculosis.

I know of a patient troubled with his eyes who experienced a total nervous collapse following the surgeon's announcement that patients suffering with their eyes were becoming totally blind.

Not long ago a New York physician, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, gave his prognosis as to the probable outcome of a mad dog bite upon a patient. He foretold the probable time in which the fearful symptoms would appear, outlined the course of the fatal disease, and predicted when death would be likely to overtake the sufferer.

Think of the horrible experience of the patient who might read the physician's prediction in the paper! Could anything be more terrible than to fill a patient's imagination with such fearful prospects? Even if the dog had not been mad, the victim might have developed the characteristic symptoms, for it is well known that many people have died with all thesymptoms of hydrophobia when it was found afterward that the dog which had bitten them did not have hydrophobia at all. This, in fact, was the case with a patient in a New York hospital quite recently.

Vast multitudes of people have died from fear of diseases they had a terror of, such as smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, etc., long before there was any physical possibility of their getting the disease. The terror of horrible diseases has killed more people than all the wars in the world's history.

Physicians little realize what implicit faith their patients have in them and how they are affected by their diagnoses and predictions. Often in a hospital when a physician gives an unfavorable prognosis, the patient sinks rapidly. How the patients watch every motion of the physician when making his visit, and weigh every word he utters! If he looks hopeful, they rally; if they see despair in his face, they sink.

Faith in one's phyhician is a powerful curative suggestion Many patients, especially those who are ignorant, believe that the physician actually holds the keys of life and death.

The possibilities of healing power in the affirmative suggestion that the patient is going to get well are tremendous. The coming physician will constantly reassure his patient verbally, often vehemently, that he is absolutely bound to recover; he will tell him that there is an omnipotent healing force within him, and that he gets a hint of this in the power which heals a wound, and which refreshes, renews, and recreates him during sleep.

It is almost impossible for a patient to recover while people are constantly reminding him how ill he looks. His will-power together with all his physical recuperative forces could not conteract the effect of the reiteration of the sick suggestion.

Suggestion has a powerful influence upon health. In innumerable instances people have been made seriously ill, sometimes fatally so, by others telling them how bad they looked, or suggesting that they had inherited some fatal disease.

A prominent New York business man recently told me of an experiment which the friends of a robust young man made upon him. It was arranged that each one should tell him, when he came to work, that he was not looking well, and ask him what the trouble was. They were to say it in a way that would not arouse his suspicions, and note the result. At one o'clock this vogorous young man had been so influenced by the suggestion that he quit work and went home, saying that he was sick.

There have been many interesting experiments in the Paris hospitals upon patients in a hypnotic trance, wounds being inflicted by mental suggestion. While a cold poker was laid across their limbs, for example, the subjects were told that they were being seared with a red-hot iron, and immediately the flesh would have appearance of being severely burned.

I have known patients to collapse completely at the sight of surgical instruments in the operating room. I have heard them say long before they took the anesthetic that they could actually feel the cutting of the knife.

Patients are often put to sleep by the injection into their arms of a weak solution of salt and water, which they are led to think is morphia. Every physician of experience knows that he can relieve pain or other distressing symptoms simply by the use of water disguised as medicine or by bread pills.

The mental attitude of the nurse has much to do with the recovery of a sick person. If she holds the constant suggestion that the patient will recovery; if she stoutly affirms it, it will be a wonderful rallying help to the forces which make for life. If, on the other hand, she holds the conviction that he is going to die, she will communicate her

belief, and this will consequently depress the patient.

Many a physician sends patients to some famous resort not so much for the waters or the air as for the miracle which the suggestion in the new environment will perform.

Even quacks and charlatans are able, by stimulating the hope of those who are sick, to produce marvelous cures.

We are under the influence of suggestion every moment of our waking lives. Everything we think, feel, see, hear, read is a suggestion which produces a result corresponding to its own nature. Its subtle power seems to reach and affect the very springs of life.

The power of suggestion on expectant minds is often little less than miraculous. An invalid with a disappointed ambition, who thinks he has been robbed of his chances in life and who has suffered for years, becomes all wrought up over some new remedy which is advertised to do marvels. He is in such an expectant state of mind that he is willing to make almost any sacrifice to obtain the wonderful remedy; and when he receives it, he is in such a receptive mood that he responds quickly, and thinks it is the medicine which has worked the magic.

Many a sick-room is made a chamber of horrors because of the depressing suggestion which pervades it. Instead of being filled with sunshine, good cheer, and encouragement, it is often darkened; God's beautiful sunshine is shut out; ventilation is poor; everybody has a sad, anxious face; medicine bottles and surgical apparatus are spread about; everything is calculated to engender disease rather than to encourage health and inspire hope. Why, there is enough depressing suggestion in such a place to make a perfectly well person ill!

What people need is encouragement, uplift, hope. Their natural resisting powers should be strengthened and developed. Instead of telling a friend in trouble, despair, or suffering that you feel very sorry for him, try to pull him out of his slough of despond, to arouse the latent recuperative restorative energies within him. Picture to him his God image, his better self, which, because it is a part of the great immortal principle, is never sick and never out of harmony, can never be disordant or suffer.

The suggestion of inferiority is one of the most difficult to overcome. Who can ever estimate the damage to humanity and the lives wrecked through it! I know men whose whole careers have been practically ruined through the constant suggestion, while they were children, that they would never amount to anything.

This suggestion of inferiority has made them so timid and shy and so uncertain of themselves that they have never been able to assert their individuality.

I knew a college student whose rank in his class entitled him to the highest recognition, whose life was nearly ruined by suggestion; he overheard some of his classmates say that he had no more dignity than a goose, and always made a very poor appearance; that under no circumstances would they think of electing him as class orator, because he would make such an unfortunate impression upon an audience He had unusual ability, but his extreme diffidence, timidity, shyness, made him appear awkward and sometimes almost foolish—all of which he would undoubtedly have outgrown had he not overheard the criticism of his classmates. He thought it meant that he was mentally inferior, and this belief kept him back ever after.

What a subtle power there is in the suggestion of the human voice! What emotions are aroused in us by its different modulations! How we laugh and cry, become indignant, revengeful, our feelings leaping from one extreme to the other, according to the passion-freighted or love-freighted words which reach our ear; how we sit spellbound, with bated breath, before the great orator who is playing upon the emotions of his audience, as a musician plays upon the strings of his harp, now bringing out tears, now smiles, now pathos, now indignation! The power of his word-painting makes a wonderful impression. A thousand listeners respond to whatever he suggests.

Some natures are powerfully affected by certain musical strains; they are immediately lifted out of the deepest depression and despondency into ecstasy. Nothing has touched them; they have just merely felt a sensation through the auditory nerve which aroused and awakened into activity certain brain cells and changed their whole mental attitude.

George Eliot, in "The Mill on the Floss," gives voice to what some of us have often, doubtless, felt when under its magic spell. "Certain strains of music," she says, "affect me so strangely that can never hear them without changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, I might be capable of heroism."

A tight-rope walker was so ill with lumbago that he could scarcely move. But when he was advertised to appear, he summoned all his will-power, and traversed the rope several times with a wheelbarrow, according to the program. When through he doubled up and had to be carried to his bed, "as stiff as a frozen frog."

There is no one principle that is abused to-day in the business world more than the law of suggestion. Everywhere in this country we see the pathetic victims of those who make a business of overpowering and controlling weaker minds. Thus is suggestion carried even to the point of hypnotism as is illustrated by unscrupulous salesmen and promoters.

If a person steals the property of another he is imprisoned, but if he hypnotizes his victim by projecting his own strong trained thought into the innocent, untrained, unsuspecting victim's mind, overcomes his objections, and induces him voluntarily to buy the thing he does not want and cannot afford to buy, perhaps impoverishing himself for years so that he and his family suffer for the necessities of life, no law can stop him.It would be better and should be considered less criminal for a man to go into a home and steal articles of value than to overpower the minds of the heads of poor families and hypnotize them into signing contracts for what they have really no right and are not able to buy.

Solicitors often command big salaries because of their wonderful personal magnetism and great powers of persuasion. The time will come when many of these "marvelous persuaders," with long heads cunningly trained, traveling about the country, hypnotizing their subjects and robbing them of their hard-earned money, will be regarded as criminals.

On the other hand, suggestion is used for practical good in business life.

It is now a common practise in many concerns to put into the hands of their employees inspiring books and to republish in pamphlet form special articles from magazines and periodicals which are calculated to stir the employees to new endeavor, to arouse them to greater action and make them more ambitious to do bigger things Schools of salesmanship are using very extensively the psychology of busi-

ness and are giving all sorts of illustrations which will spur men to greater efficiency.

The up-to-date merchant shows his knowledge of the power of suggestion for customers by his fascinating show-windows and display of merchandise.

A person who has been reared in luxury and refinement would be so affected by the suggestion of uncleanliness and disorderliness in a cheap Bowery eating-place that he would lose the keenest appetite. If, however, the same food, cooked in the same way, could be transferred to one of the luxurious Broadway restaurants and served upon delicate china and spotless linen, with entrancing music, the entire condition would be changed. The new suggestion would completely reverse the mental and physical conditions.

The suggestion of the ugly suspicions of a whole nation so overpowered Dreyfus during his trial that it completely neutralized his individuality, overbalanced his consciousness of innocence. His whole manner was that of a guilty person, so that many of his friends actually believed him guilty. After the verdict, in the presence of a vast throng which had gathered to see him publicly disgraced, when his buttons and other insignia of office were torn from his uniform, his sword taken from him and broken, and the people were hissing, jeering, and hurling all sorts of anathemas at him, no criminal could have exhibited more evidence of guilt. The radiations of the guilty suggestion from millions of people completely overpowered his mentality, his individu ality, and, although he was absolutely innocent, his appearance and manner gave every evidence of the treason he was accused of.

There is no suggestion so fatal, so insinuating, as that of impurity. Vast multitudes of people have fallen victims to this vicious, subtle fatal poison.

Who can depict the tragedies which have been caused by immoral, impure suggestion conveyed to minds which were absolutely pure, which have never before felt the taint of contamination? The subtle poisoning infused through the system makes the entrance of the succeeding vicious suggestions easier and easier, until finally the whole moral system becomes saturated with the poison.

There is a wonderful illustration of the power of suggestion in the experience of what are called the Stigmatists These nuns who for years concentrated all of their efforts in trying to live the life that Christ did, to enter into all of His sufferings, so completely concentrated all of their energies upon the Christ suffering, and so vividly pictured his wounds in their imaginations, that their thought really changed the chemical and physical structure of the tissues and they actually reproduced the nail marks in the hands and feet and the spear wound as in the side of the crucified Christ.

These nuns devoted their lives to this reproduction of the physical evidences of the crucifixion. The fixing of the mind for a long period of time upon the wounds of the hands, feet, and the side with the awful suffering were so vivid, so concentrated, that the picture was made real in their own flesh. In addition to the mental picturing, they kept constantly before them the physical picture of the crucified Christ, which made their mental picture all the more vivid and concentrated. The religious ecstasy was so intense that they could actually see Christ being crucified, and this mental attitude was outpictured in the flesh.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT.

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a camel's all lumpy,
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

—C. E. Caryl.

For The Children.

TOMMY GRASSHOPPER'S WINGS.

Tommy Grasshopper was very proud of his new wings. Yes, indeed, he was very proud of them. So as soon as Tommy learned to fly, he hurried over to Johnny Cricket's house to show his wings to Johnny.

Johnny Cricket thought them beautiful, and although he did not have pretty wings like Tommy and knew that he never would have wings of any kind, he was not in the least jealous of Tommy's good fortune. Johnny Cricket is a good-natured little fellow who sings nearly all the time, so you see he has no time to think of being jealous or selfish.

"I suppose now," said Johnny, "you will fly and fly and have some wonderful adventures to tell the other bug boys in a very short time."

"I wish you had wings," said Tommy, "so that we might both fly away together and have lots of fun!"

"It would be nice!" Johnny answered, "but I must be contented with being just as I am, and then, too, you know I have a fine little caterpillar pony that Papa gave me for my birthday. Shall I hitch him up and give you a ride?"

"Yes, let's hitch him up and have a race!" Tommy exclaimed. "You may ride and I will fly and we will see who can get to the sunflowers and back again first!"

So Johnny brought the new caterpillar pony out of the hickory-nut stable and hitched him up to a little two-wheeled cart which his Uncle Clany Cutworm had whittled out of a small acorn.

It wasn't every bug boy in the village of Tiny Things who could boast the possession of a caterpillar pony like Johnny Cricket's, so Johnny was very fond of Fuzzy, as the pony had been named, and he took such good care of him that his hair shone as brilliantly as the sun.

When Fuzzy was finally hitched, the two bug boys jumped in the cart and drove him to the big path. This was where they planned to hold the race, because Fuzzy, if driven any other place, was just as likely to climb the first flower-stalk he came to as he was to go around it. It is not very pleasant to be riding along real comfortably and all of a sudden to be dumped out of the cart when the steed comes to a flower-stalk, a tree or a fence.

So it was decided to hold the race in the path. "I'll give you to the brown stone," Tommy said, "so that you will have a fair start. You know my wings fly very fast and I could catch you even if I were to give you halfway to the sunflowers."

When Johnny reached the brown stone, Tommy shouted, "All right! Let her go!" and Johnny clicked to his caterpillar pony, which humped its fuzzy little back and started off as fast as its sixteen little legs would travel. Humpity hump went the caterpillar pony and lickety split came the cart and Johnny right behind. My! how the little wheels spun and bounced over the tiny rocks in the path.

When Johnny and the caterpillar reached the sunflowers the caterpillar started to climb right up and tipped the cart over and Johnny with it. Johnny picked himself up and climbed up the stalk after the caterpillar pony. The pony was soon brought to the ground and headed toward home; his little back humped again as the tiny stones flew from under the wheels.

Johnny had been too busy to see whether Tommy had passed him, but he had wasted almost half the time in climbing the stalk and turning the caterpillar back toward the starting point.

But Tommy was not at the starting point when Johnny Cricket reached there. Johnny had just begun to think that perhaps Tommy had played a trick on him and had run home, when over toward the fence he heard a whir and, looking in that direction, he saw Tommy falling to the grass below. Soon he saw Tommy rise from the grass and flutter in the air a moment, then fly around in a circle and hit his head against the fence.

Johnny tied Fuzzy to a blade of brass and hopped as fast as he could to where Tommy lay crying in the long weeds. "I tried to fly toward the sunflowers," Tommy wailed, "but my wings would not carry me in that direction. When your started I gave a lovely jump and worked my wings as fast as I could, but I just stayed up in the air and did not go either forward or backward, so I quit working them and tried to soar to the ground; down I came, 'bump!' Then I gave another jump and I flew over here, and I've been trying all this time to fly toward the sunflowers, but all I can do is to hit my head against the fence."

"Don't cry!" Johnny coaxed; "I'll help you to the cart and we can ride home. It isn't much fun racing anyway!"

So, with Johnny's help, they soon reached the blade of grass where Johnny had hitched Fuzzy.

"I might have known!" Johnny said, when they saw that the pony was not there. "He has eaten the blade of grass and is probably in his stable curled up fast asleep."

When Tommy heard this, he laughed so hard that his head did not ache one-half as bad as it had a moment before. "I guess there isn't much fun in flying after all!" he said, "for I cannot make my wings behave. Come to think of it, Papa never flies in the direction he starts out! He either flutters up in the air a moment and then falls to the ground or else he does just as I did, flies smack into a fence or a big stone. I guess our wings, after all, are not made to be of very much service! You cannot make your pony do everything you want, either!"

"That's right!" Johnny Cricket acknowledged; "after all, I believe our legs are the best and we should be very thankful that we have them and are not like the poor little worms, who have to travel so slowly around on their stomachs all day!"

Then Johnny Grasshopper gave a little hop in the air and, flicking his coat-tails together, he began singing as only little crickets can sing, for Johnny, you know, is very cheerful, although a little creature.—John Gruelle.

WHY JOHNNY FAILED.

Johnny had a little mind
  It was his very own,
And nothing could be put in it
  Except by him alone.
It wasn't very big, it's true,
  But there was room inside
For lots of fine things, chosen out
  As Johnny should decide.

Mother and father gave to him
  All sorts of good advice,
But Johnny never put it in
  Or thought about it twice.
But all the ugly things the boys
  Upon the corners said,
Why, Johnny picked them up at once
  And put them in his head.

At school the teacher tried her best
  To give him facts and rules
Of every useful sort—but, no!
  For Johnny hated schools.
He picked up brag, and vulgar slang,
  Dime novels, too, ten deep,
And filled his mind till it was like
  A tainted rubbish heap.

So when the day of manhood came,
  When Johnny searched his mind
For skill and power, it played him false,
  And nothing could he find
But worthless trash and ugly thoughts,
  And so he failed alas!
Is any other boy who reads
  Coming to Johnny's pass?

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE REASON.

"I say, Jones," said his friend, "do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" replied Jones, excitedly and angrily. "No, indeed, I don't.

"Well, came the gentle answer, "because your better half is stubbornness herself."

Jones chuckled long and merrilly over the idea. It tickled him immensely. When he got home he decided to try it on the missus.

"Alice," he began, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I'm like a donkey?"

Then he waited a moment, pretending to toy with his chop, but, in reality, he was watching his wife's counteanance. Ah, the answer was coming. Let him get his words ready.

"Well, dear," came the gentle reply, "I really suppose it's because you were born so!"—Answers.

"So you were committed for contempt of court, were you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," said the ardent suffragette. "You see, after the judge had got through lecturing me on my dastardly behavior I snapped my fingers and said, 'Fudge,' as loud as I could. He gave me ten days."

"Dear me!" said the visitor. "And what did you do while you were in jail?'

"Oh, I embroidered the word fudge on a sofa-cushion, and sent it with my compliments to the judge after I got out," said the lady, with an amiable smile.—Harper's.

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